



sction 5283





# Towner's Male Choir

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4



By D. B. Towner



Chicago New York Toronto

Fleming H. Revell Company

London Edinburgh

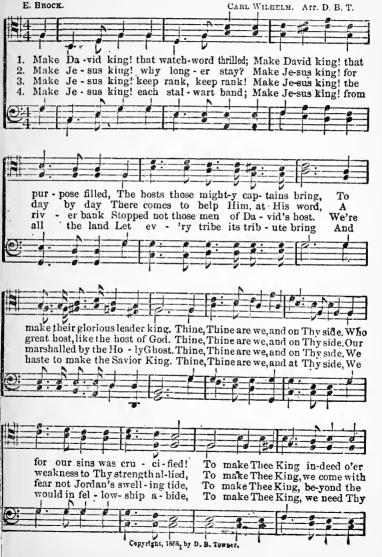
# PUBLISHERS' PREFACE

The cordial appreciation accorded parts 1 and 2 of Towner's Male Choir and the popular demand for a more comprehensive volume of praise for male voices has induced author and publisher to issue the present volume, believing it to be a most helpful accessory in the service of praise, more especially for Y. M. C. A., Y. P. S. C. E. and Evangelistic meetings.

In its convenient pocket size it will, we confidently expect, occupy a large field of usefulness.

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Written for the student's foreign missionary movement of the American Intercollegiate Young Mcc's Association, Northbuid Mass., 1888.





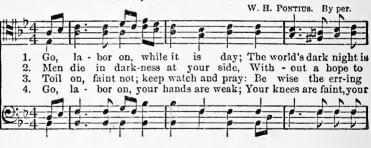








## GO, LABOR ON.





hast'ning on; Speed, speed thy work—cast sloth a -way! It cheer the tomb; Take up the torch and wave it wide—The soul to win: Go forth in - to the world's highway; Comsoul cast down, Yet fal - ter not; the prize you seek Is

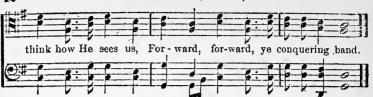




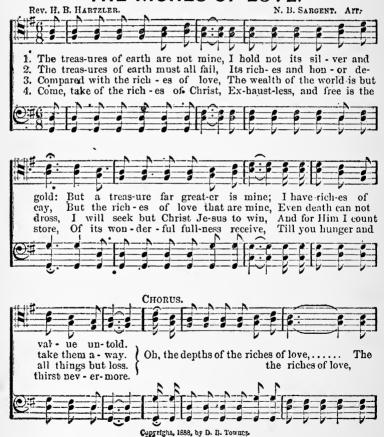


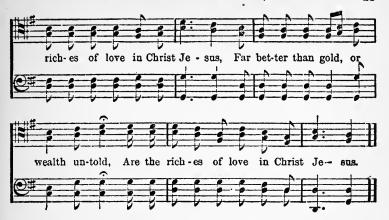
#### COMRADES IN BATTLE.





### THE RICHES OF LOVE.





#### GIVE ME THY HEART.



- 2. Ah, well that gen-tle voice I know, For oft it called me long a-
- 3. "My son!" oh, word of might-y grace, That children of our mortal
- 4. How great that Fa-ther's love must be, How fond His yearnings after 5. How pa-tient hath His spir-it been, To fol-low thee thro' all thy 6. O God. my Fa-ther! I o bey; I come, I come to Thee to-





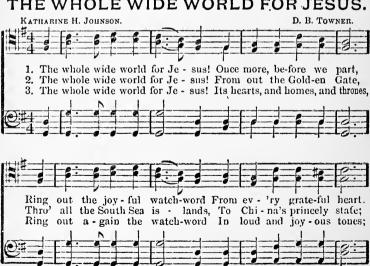
trod, How kind-ly speaks thy Father, God, "My son, give Me thy heart." go, And now to thee it whis-pers low, "My son, give Me thy heart." race With sons of God may take their place, "My son, give Me thy heart." thee, That He should say so ten-der-ly, "My son, give Me thy heart." sin, And plead. Thy way-ward soul to win, "My son, give Me thy heart." I give to Thee my heart!" day, "Here Lord, I give my-self a-way,



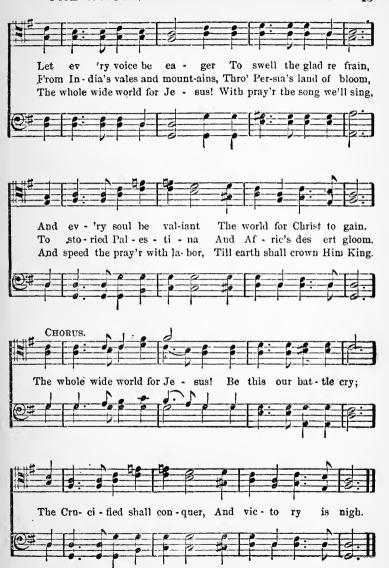
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# THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD FOR JESUS.



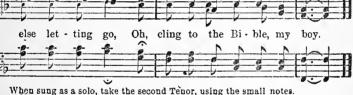
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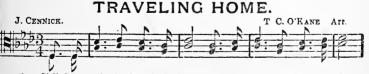


## 16 CLING TO THE BIBLE, MY BOY.

D. B. TOWNER. WILL S HAVES. AIR. Declamando. 1. As your journey, thro' life to the grave, you pur-sue, There is You may meet with misfor-tune and sor-rows and tears, You may
 Put your faith in our Fa-ther and you will be strong, Keep your 4. Ev - 'ry time that you read it, you'll learn something new, Of 5. 'Tis the anch-or of hope, and the lamp that gives light, 'Tis the . ORGAN. Oh, one thing in earn - est I wish you to do, list - en, my bat - tle with sin and with Sa - tan for years, Be a Christian, press eye on the cross and you'll nev-er go wrong, Sing the sweet songs of Je - sus who died on the cross to save you, To the Lord, to yourstar that will shine thro' your life's darkest night, If you fol-low its boy, while I say this to you,—Oh, cling on, do not have an - y fears, But cling to the Bi - ble, my the Bi - ble, my to praise as you jour-ney a - long, - And cling the Bi - ble, my to self, and to heav-en be true, And cling the Bi - ble, my to Bi - ble, my guidance you'll al-ways be right, Oh, cling to the

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Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King. As we jour-ney let us sing, Fear not, bretbren, joy-ful stand On the bor-ders of our land,

Lord, o - be - dient - ly we'll go, Glad-ly leav-ing all be - low,

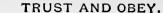


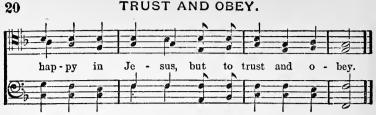


### TRUST AND OBEY.



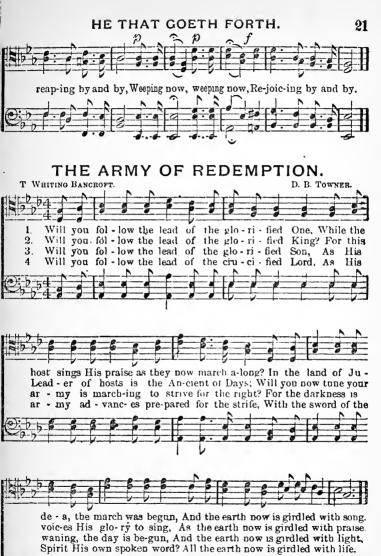
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## HE THAT GOETH FORTH.





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# LET HIM IN.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock.—Rev. 3: 10.

Mrs. Harriet Jones.

D. B. Towner.

1. Be - hold, a stran-ger, won-drous fair, Is knocking at the 2. He wait-eth now—with nail-pierced hand Held out in mer-cy 3. This Friend has wait-ed there be-fore, Has oft - en knocked up

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# 26 THO' YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

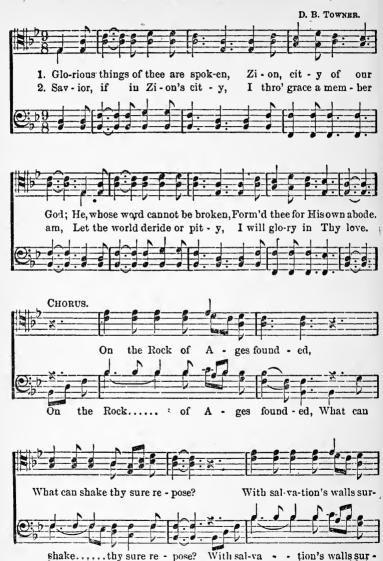




### 28 AND THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE.

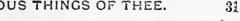


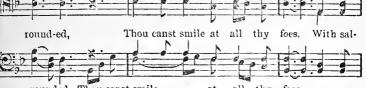




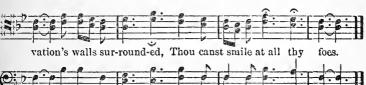
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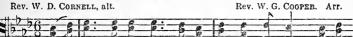




rounded, Thou canst smile ..... at all thy foes.



## WONDERFUL PEACE.



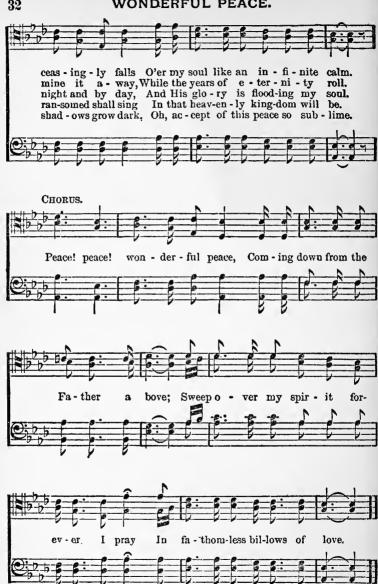
- Far a-way in the depths of my spir-it to-night, Rolls a What a treas-ure I have in this won-der-ful peace, Bur-ied
- I am rest-ing to-night in this won-der-ful peace, Rest-ing And methinks when I rise to that cit y of peace, Where the
- Ah! soul, are you here without comfort or rest, Marching





mel - o - dy sweeter than psalm; In ce-les - tial-like strains it undeep in the heart of my soul; So se-cure that no pow-er can sweet-ly in Je-sus' con-trol; For I'm kept from all danger by au-thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the down the rough pathway of time? Make Je-sus your friend ere the









#### I SHALL BE SATISFIED.







### SOWING AND REAPING.

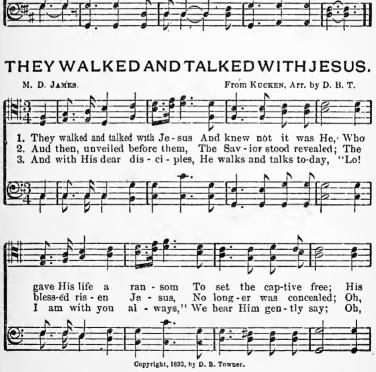


- 1, Out on the highways, wher-ev-er we go, Seed we must gath-er and
- Here, where it seems but a wilderness place, Wanting in beau-ty and
   Out of those gardens so gorgeous with flow'rs, Seed we may gather to
- 4. Out of each moment some good we ob-tain, Something to winnow and
- 5. That which we gather is that which we sow, Seed-time and harvest al-









### 40 THEY WALKED AND TALKED WITH JESUS.



# I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS. 41



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# YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.





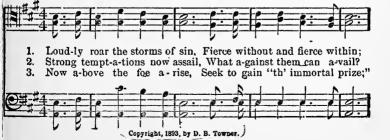


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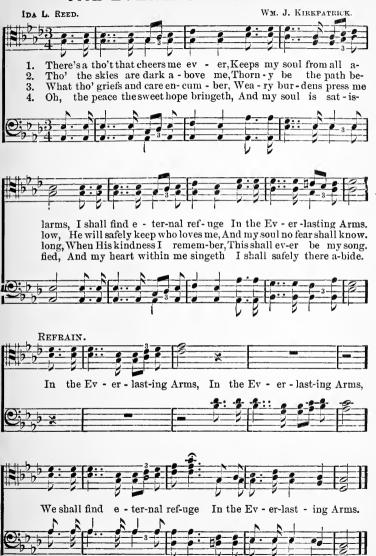


### THE SURE REFUGE.

F-S. SHEPHARD.





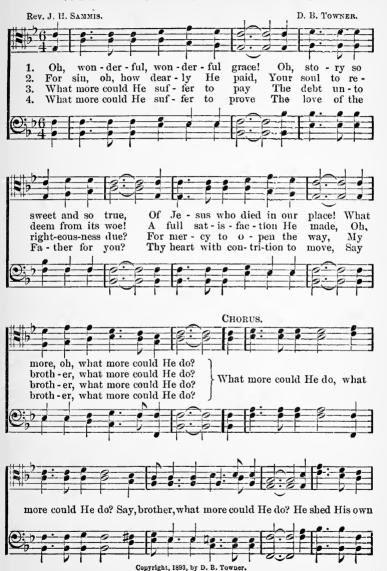


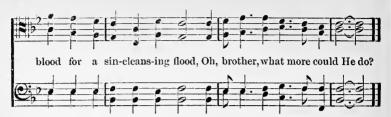
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## REMEMBER ME, O MIGHTY ONE.

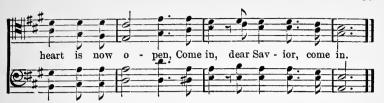




C. L SHACKLOCK.

D. B. TOWNER.



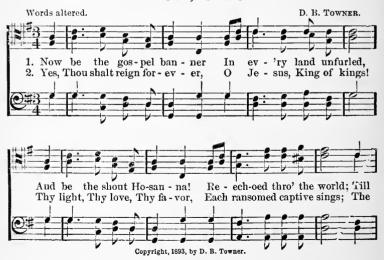


#### O SILVERY SEA OF GALILEE.





#### RIDE ON, O LORD.









- 1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
  - 2. How joy ful is the tho't that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea;
  - 3. No part-ing words shall e'er be spoken In that bright land of flow'rs,





Yet ev - er comes the tho't of sad-ness That we must say good-by. That when our la-bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ever be. But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - er-more be ours.





We'll never say good-by in heav'n, We'll never say good-by (good-by),





For in that land of joy and song, We'll never say good-by.



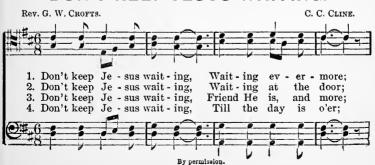
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### ALTOGETHER LOVELY.





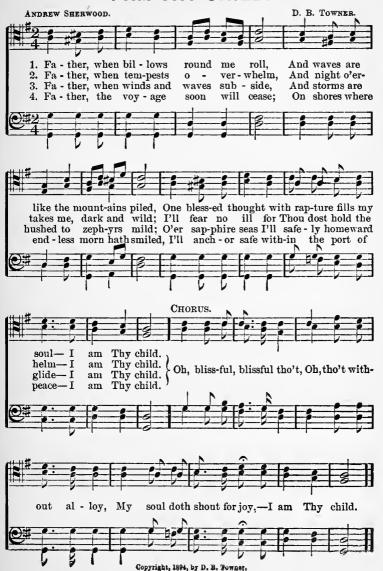
#### DON'T KEEP JESUS WAITING.



















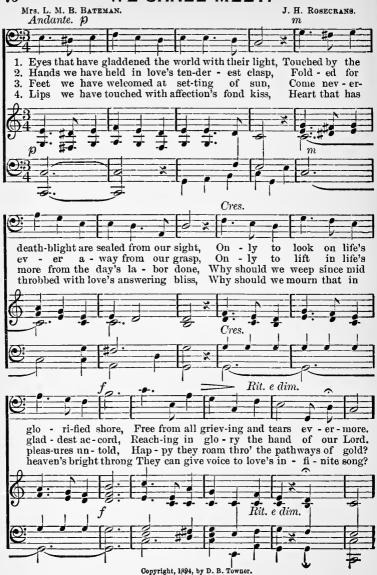








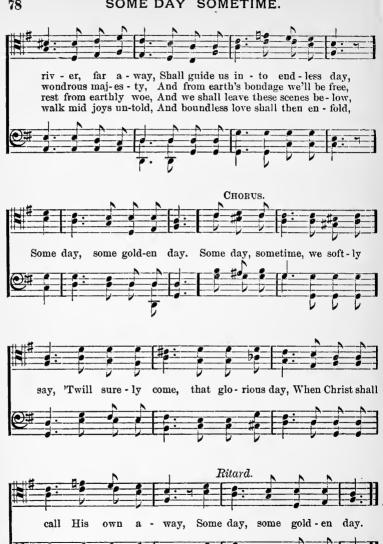






## SOME DAY, SOMETIME.





### CAST THY BURDEN UPON THE LORD, 79

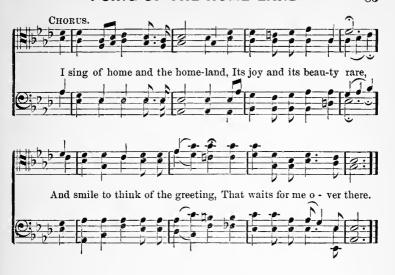






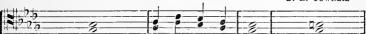






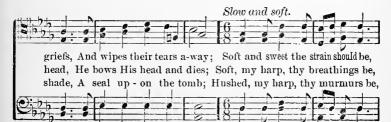


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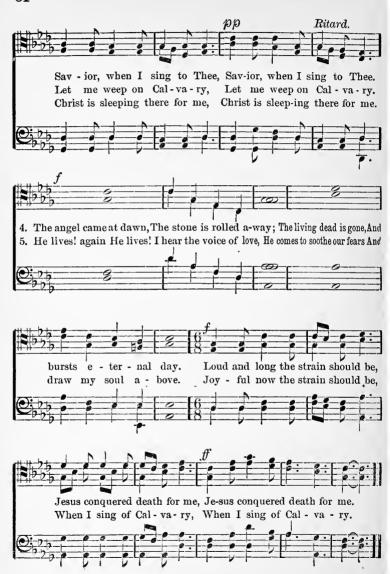


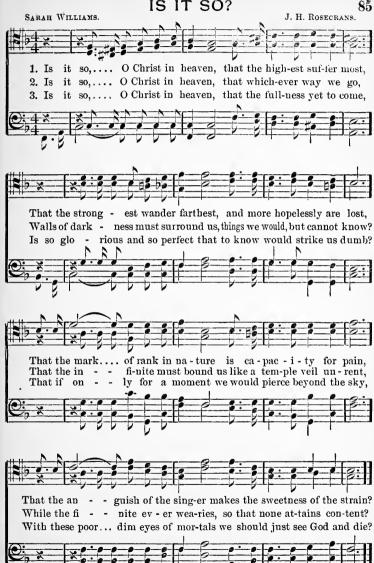
- 1. Love, love on earth appears, The wretched throng His way; He heareth all their
- 2. "I die for thee," He said, Be-hold the cross a rise! And lo! He bows His
- 3. Now in the grave He's laid, In death's fu-ne-real gloom, Stern watchmen in the



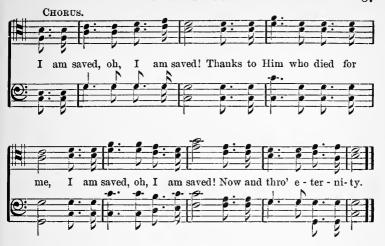


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#### ROOM IN THE HEART OF JESUS.

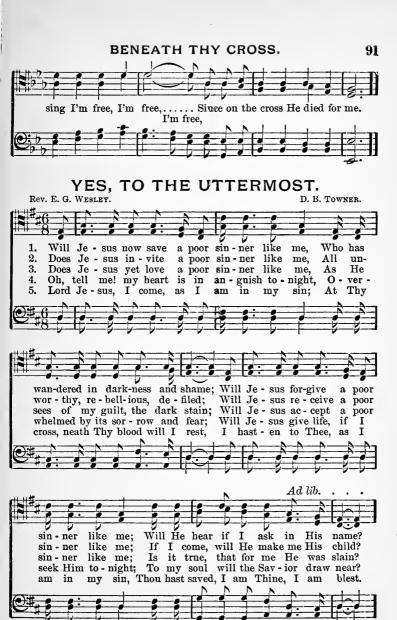




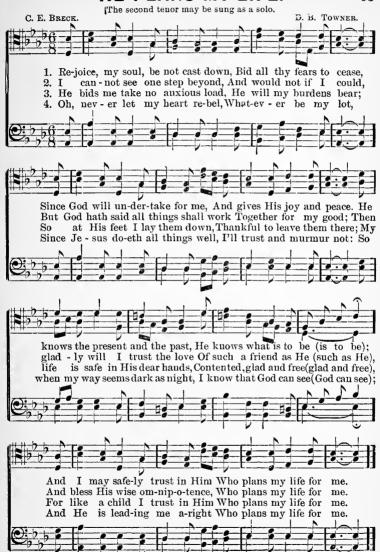


#### BENEATH THY CROSS.

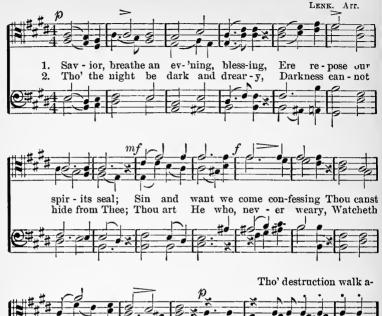


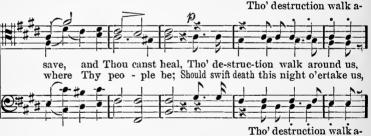


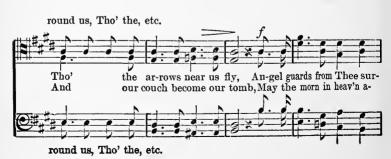


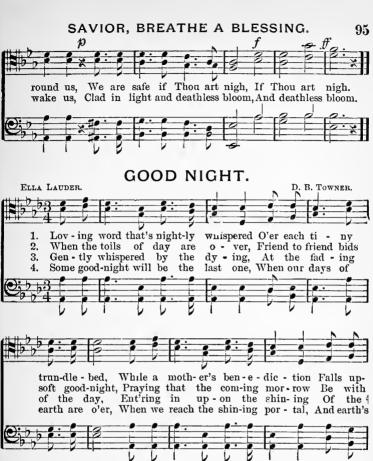


# 94 SAVIOR, BREATHE A BLESSING.











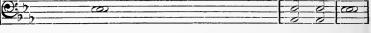
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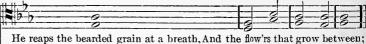


t. "My Lord has need of these flowerets gay," The reaper said and smiled, "They shall all bloom in fields of light, Transplanted by my care;

5. "They shall all bloom in fields of light, Transplanted by my care;6. And the mother gave, in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love;

7. Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The Reaper came that day;

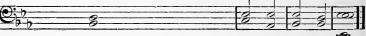




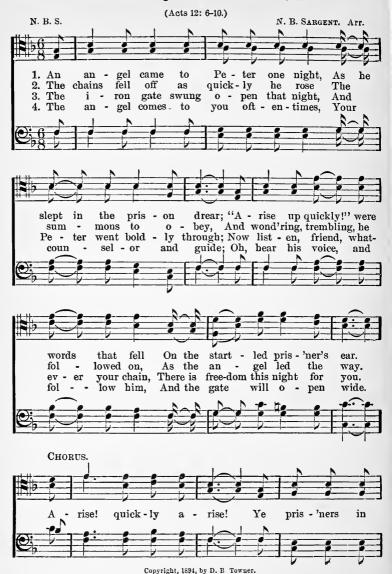
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath And the flow'rs that grow between; Tho' the breath of these flow'rs is sweet to me, I will give them back a-gain.'' It was for the Lord of Paradise,

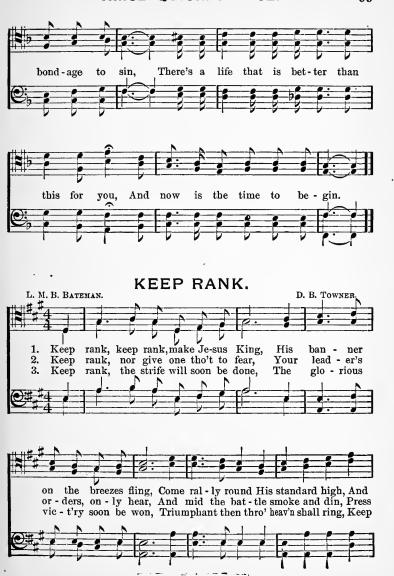
He bound them in his sheaves.

Where He was once a child. And saints, upon their garments white. These sa-cred blos-soms wear.' She knew she should find them all again In the fields of light a-bove. 'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And took the flow'rs a - way.





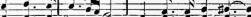












Flee as a bird to your mount-ain, Thou who art wea-ry of He will protect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing

Come then, to Je-sus thy Sav - ior, He will re-deem thee from



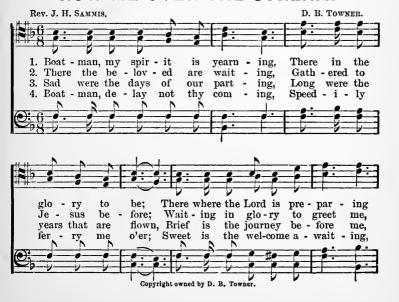




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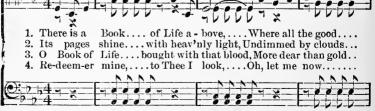
#### ROW ME OVER THE STREAM.



Rev. G. W. CROFTS.



### IS MY NAME THERE?



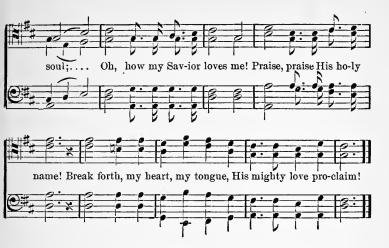
1. There is a Book of Life above. Where all the good Copyright, 1894, by D. B. Towner.

D. B. TOWNER.

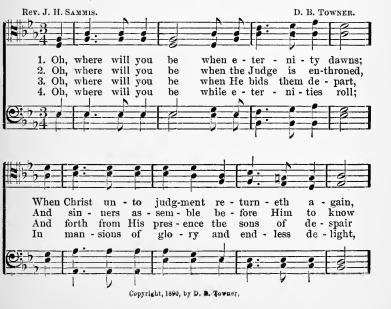


## 108 MY FAITH CLINGS TO JESUS.





## OH, WHERE WILL YOU BE?





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## 112 SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.





#### HE REDEEMED ME.

E. A. H.

E. A. HOFFMAN. Arr.



- 1. I praise the wondrous love of God, The wondrous love of God to me,
- 2. I had no mer-it of my own, My need I made my on-ly plea,
  3. For this I praise the Lord to day, That love so in-fi-nite and free,
  4. He ransomed me, He ransomed me, Such love and grace I now proclaim;





Which moved Him to redeem with blood My soul on Cal - va - ry. Yet moved by His a - maz - ing grace, He pardoned e - ven me. Should stoop to bless a fall - en man, And ran-som e - ven me. He sealed my par - don on the tree, Oh, glo - ry to His name.





He redeemed me, Oh, glory to His name! He redeemed me, His grace I will proclaim,





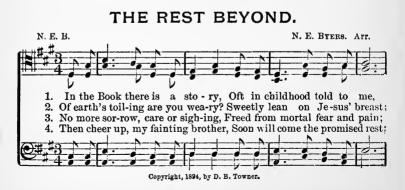
For His love and grace are evermore the same, Hal-le-lu-jah to His name!



#### THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

May be sung as a duet by 1st and 2d tenors. F. A. F. WHITE. MARK M. JONES. By per. I have heard of land On a a a - way strand. 2. There are ev - er - green trees That bend low in the breeze. 3. There's a home in that land, At the Fa - ther's right hand; the told. the Bi - ble sto - ry is Where And their fruit-age is bright-er than gold; There are There are man-sions whose joys are un - told. And percome, Nev-er cares - er dark - ness nor gloom, And nev hands, In that fair spring, Where the birds fair - est of lands. harps our en ni al ev - er sing, And CHORUS. noth-ing shall old. ev - er grow old. In that beau - ti - ful noth-ing shall ev - er grow noth ing can ev - er old. grow Arrangement copyrighted by D. B. Towner.



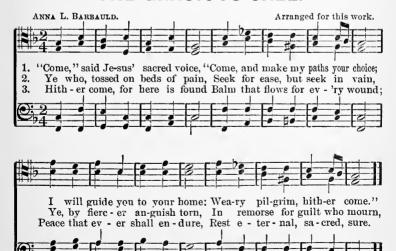




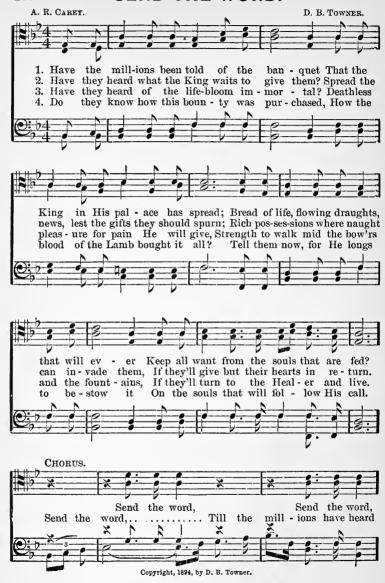




#### THE GRACIOUS CALL.



# SEND THE WORD.









#### ROCK OF AGES.



2. To Thee, I turn mine eyes, Thou bleeding Lamb; Oh, shine within my heart, And make me calm; For Thee my spirit cries,

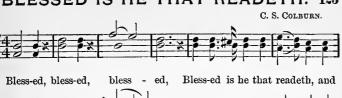
Oh, let Thy im-age fair By pow'r di - vine, 3. Be per-fect - ed in me, Thou bless-ed One; Teach me Thy will to do.

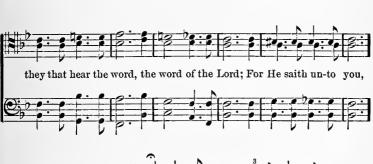


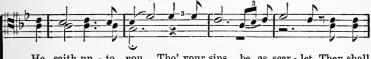
Come, and my spirit heal; My soul cries out for Thee, Cries out for Thee. And without Thee it dies; Hear now the pray'r I make, The pray'r I make. Each day my journey thro', And make me wholly Thine, Yes, whol-ly Thine.



# BLESSED IS HE THAT READETH. 125

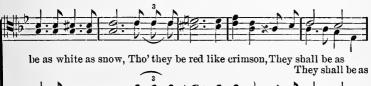




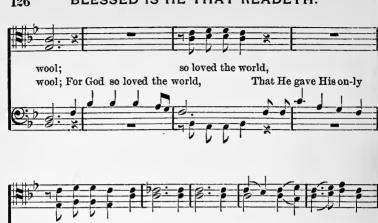


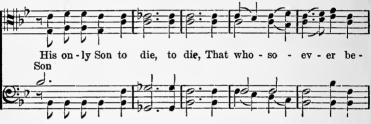
He saith un - to you, Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall

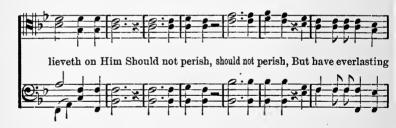


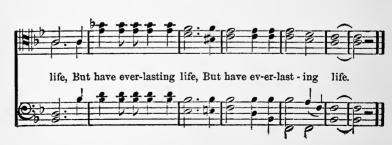


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